

Full Hall of Canada  
and  
Other Rooms



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1916

MARIE BYRNES KING

# POEMS

—BY—

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KING*

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*In Loving Memory of*  
*The Author*

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## INTRODUCTION

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**M**RS. Marie Byrnes King was born at Cumberland, Ontario, and received her higher education at Smith's Falls High School and Queen's University, graduating in 1903. Four years later she was married to Mr. James B. King, of Fairfax, Manitoba. where she lived until her death on the twenty-eighth day of July, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

Among her papers a number of poems were found, which have been here arranged and published in a private edition. The "spirit" of the poems will be appreciated by those who knew the author, and may all who read them feel the touch of her soul's faith, "a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven."

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## Friendship

Hid in the gardens of our heart  
Some fragrant flowers bloom;  
Unseen, they meekly do their part  
To lessen grief and gloom.

In some the weeds have grown so high  
We cannot find the flower;  
The precious bloom perchance may die  
In this neglected hour.

Yet hidden deep in every heart  
God has His seedling rare,  
Which ever plays a noble part  
If loved and cherished there.

In such a soul fair friendship lives  
With all its mystic power;  
Unfolding there it gladly gives  
New joys to every hour.

It binds our hearts to those who weep,  
It makes our sorrows one;  
It stretches far beyond the deep  
And makes all nations one.

In Heaven perchance the flower may grow,  
Fairer and nobler still,  
Where streams of living waters flow,  
And silver sparkling rills.

Then let us strive while here below  
To tend this flower well;  
Since it in heavenly soil may grow  
And deck some Eden dell!



## A Farewell

The dearest friends must sometimes part  
Their lives are short and fleeting here;  
Though heart be joined to kindred heart  
By ties most sacred and most dear,  
These ties must break, the strands divide  
When struggling 'gainst life's swollen tide.

But then we know a rest remains  
Where no farewells are ever said,  
Where joy exults and glory reigns,  
And blessings crown each sacred head.  
For we shall meet to part no more  
On Eden's blest and happy shore.

O blessed land of joy and peace,  
O sweet eternal happy home;  
From wayward strife we now shall cease,  
Now safe in Thee, we ne'er shall roam.

**For naught shall ever tempt us there  
To wander from our Shepherd's care.**

**Our lives are planned by one who knows  
Which way is best for us to tread;  
Then let our trust in Him repose,  
In light, in darkness, by Him led;  
All gloom shall turn to endless light,  
And faith shall lose itself in sight.**

## Be Still

Be still, lone heart, and listen now;  
He speaks who loves thee best,  
In whispers only they can hear  
Who lean upon His breast.

Be still and trust, He whispers low  
Sweet words of hope for thee;  
A message that will help thee bear  
Thy dark Gethsemane.

Fear not, my child, why thinkest thou,  
I have not seen thy plight;  
Nor heard arising from the gloom  
Thy cry for life and light.

O wherefore need'st thou doubtful be?  
Thou may'st not understand  
The mysteries of Life. Believe  
That I still hold thy hand.

And I will never let thee go,  
For thou art mine. Wherefore  
Should faith grow dim? Look up, be  
strong,  
And doubt thy Lord no more.

## Thanksgiving

O Lord our God, Thy mercies crown  
Each moment of our life;  
Above, below, within, around,  
In peace or bloody strife;  
Thy watchful eye has been our guide,  
For thou art ever near our side.

When tempted sore to go astray,  
To turn from Thee our God,  
Forsake the straight and narrow way  
To tread the downward road.  
Thou didst reveal Thy wondrous love  
And show Thy power from above.

And since in spring our land we tilled,  
Our seed in faith cast there;  
Our barns in harvest Thou hast filled,  
We've plenty and to spare.

For Thou hast given in their hour,  
The genial sun and fresh'ning shower.

But greater, higher, richer still,  
Thy goodness to our soul;  
Thy love our restless bosoms fill  
With joy and peace untold.  
Yea, Thou hast sent Thy Spirit down,  
The earnest of our heavenly crown.

The greatest gift that Heaven can give  
We all may boldly claim;  
“Look unto Me,” says Christ, “and live,  
I still remain the same,  
As when on Calvary's cursed tree  
I set the dying captive free.”

O Lord our God, accept our praise,  
Imperfect though it be,  
And, day by day, our spirits raise  
More near our God to Thee;  
Till we shall greet the dawning ray  
Of Heaven's long Thanksgiving Day.

## **All Hail, O Canada !**

**All hail! we cry; Our country, hail!**

**The nations look and see  
An Empire springing into might,  
A country blessed with peace and light,  
Health and prosperity.**

**All hail ! they cry; O Canada,**

**The world hath need of thee;  
Thy stalwart sons may speed the right  
And crush the evils in their might  
That else might work decay.**

**Rise, rise, let not those evils live**

**That sap a nation's strength;  
But true to God and true to man  
Work out through Him the nobler plan  
He fashioned for thy life.**

And while we pray in many tongues  
Our hearts look up to Thee,  
O hear in heaven, Thy dwelling place  
And hearing, pardon by Thy grace  
The wrongs we've done to Thee.

O God and Father of us all,  
Thou knowest our country's need.  
Guide us in this transition hour;  
We need Thy love, Thy mighty power,  
Thy wisdom, us to lead.



## Jesus is Knocking

Can'st thou hear the Saviour knocking

At the portal of thine heart?

He has waited long and lingers

Still unwilling to depart.

O the wondrous love and kindness

That has kept Him waiting there:

Can'st thou bar thy door in blindness

And thus perish in despair?

Still He waits and gently knocking,

Begs thee to undo the door;

He is laden with the treasures

Of His wondrous boundless store.

All His gifts He freely offers,

If thou wilt but let Him in.

All He asks in your surrender,

And He'll cleanse thy soul from sin.

Still He's knocking, waiting, pleading  
For an entrance to thine heart.  
Must He turn away in sadness,  
He, who ever does His part?  
Cause Him not for e'er to leave thee;  
Do not force Him to depart.  
Welcome Christ who died to save thee,  
Welcome Him with all thine heart!

## **I Shall Be Satisfied**

When I reach my heavenly home  
Where grief and sorrow never come,  
Where sin no more shall make me weep  
Nor nature claim her needful sleep,  
I shall be satisfied.

When this poor sin-sick soul shall fly  
To join its kindred in the sky,  
And this corrupted house of clay  
Rise in the light of endless day,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall rise on angel's wing  
To join the armies of my King,  
And sing with them redemption songs,  
The praise that to His name belongs,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I awake like Thee, my King,  
Pure, gentle, holy, free from sin;  
When Thy fair image stamps my brow,  
When rent the veil that hides Thee now,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thee as Thou art,  
And act no more the sinner's part;  
But join the anthem of the blest  
And enter our eternal rest,  
I shall be satisfied.

## He Knoweth Them that Trust in Him

*He knoweth them!* O can it be  
The Lord of Heaven knows even me;  
Can He who dwells in Heaven on high,  
Descend to hear my sinful cry?

*He knoweth them!* Yes, every one  
Whose faith is placed on Christ His Son.  
He sees their conflict here with those  
Whom He has conquered as His foes.

*He knoweth them!* In battle here  
Their lives to Him are very dear;  
Each one he guards, no foe can harm  
Protected by His mighty arm.

*He knoweth them!* Even now He pleads  
For those His Holy Spirit leads,

Until their work on earth is done  
And they have heard the "Welcome  
Home."

*He knoweth them!* O sinner trust;  
He knows the number of their dust;  
He knows where each one peaceful lies  
Until His trumpet rends the skies.

*He knoweth them!* E'en Death's cold  
wave

Cannot resist His power to save,  
Death but admits the soul to life  
And marks the end of earthly strife.

*He knoweth them!* Though scattered far,  
O'er land and sea their bodies are.  
Yet He their sleeping dust shall wake  
When rocks shall rend and mountains  
quake!

And when at last with awful power  
He shall proclaim the judgment hour,  
The saints shall stand all free from sin,  
*He knoweth them that trust in Him.*

## New Year's Thoughts

New Year's Eve! Ah, what the harvest  
That the vanished year has borne;  
What the seed that has been scattered,  
As unheeding we have gone  
O'er our life's uneven pathway  
Daily nearer to our home?

What the seed and what the harvest?  
Both are now beyond recall;  
Wheat and tares alike shall ripen,  
We must reap the fruit of all,  
When the sowing time is ended  
And the autumn shadows fall.

Shall we still go on forgetful,  
As, alas, we've often done,  
Of the reaping time that's coming  
And the wond'rous gathering home?

What the sheaves that we shall offer  
Low before our Saviour's throne?

Help us, Master, to be faithful,  
Ever seeing what is true;  
Sowing, reaping for Thy glory,  
Grant us here Thy guidance too.  
In the glad New Year that's coming,  
Teach Thy servants what to do.



## Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

I am the Way, O wand'rer lost  
On life's tempestuous sea.  
Commit thy bark unto My care,  
Give up the helm to Me.  
I'll guide thee to the heaven of rest,  
For waves obey My will;  
At My command they rage and foam,  
At My request are still.

I am the Way, O tread no more  
The thorny paths of sin;  
Friend, would you reach thy happy land,  
The city of your King?  
I am the way to Heaven's rest,  
No other road is given,  
By which the fallen sons of men  
May rest at last in Heaven.

I am the Truth, then trust in Me  
My word shall ever stand,  
I'll help thee in thy conflicts here,  
I'll hold thee by the hand.  
Thine enemies shall not prevail  
Nor take My joy from thee;  
Yea, though the hosts of Hell unite,  
I still can rescue thee.

I am the Life, then look and live  
And seek thy life in Me;  
United as a living branch  
Unto the parent tree.  
So shall thy life be joined to Mine;  
With heavenly manna still  
I will provide your every need,  
Your hungry spirit fill.

I am the Life, e'en Death must yield  
The Dwellers of the Tomb  
Shall rise again at My command  
And gather round My throne.

Look at my pierced hands and feet  
Behold My wounded side!  
Can'st thou not trust thy life to Me  
Since I for thee hast died?

Through Thee, O Christ, the living way,  
We seek the Father's face;  
Through Thee, the Truth, dear Lord, we  
know  
The wonders of Thy grace.  
Through Thee, the Life, to fallen men  
Eternal life is given;  
By Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
The ransomed enter Heaven.

## Who Can Bear That Day?

*Who, O Lord, can bear that day*

When armed in thunder Thou shalt come  
To break the fetters of the tomb,  
And bid the sleeping dead awake,  
While rocks shall rend and mountains  
quake

And reeling worlds await their doom?

*Who, O Lord, can bear that day*

When many nations long unknown,  
Assemble at Thy judgment throne;  
When kings and mighty men shall wait  
With those who pleaded at their gate;  
All common pleaders at Thy throne?

*Who, O Lord, can bear that day*

When by a glance Thou shalt divide

To right and left, the mighty tide  
Of human souls awaiting there:  
The bliss of Heaven, or dark despair;  
Brought near, or banished from Thy side?

*Who, O who, can bear that day*  
When Thou the judge of all shalt read  
Each hidden thought, each secret deed,  
That sinners fondly thought unknown,  
E'en to Jehovah on His Throne?  
But Thou each hidden thought can read.

*Who, O who, can bear that day*  
When Thou the sentence shalt declare,  
To saints and sinners waiting there;  
To these "Come up, my way you  
sought;"  
To those, "Depart, I know you not;"  
And they in solemn silence hear?

## Watch and Pray.

If temptations strong assail thee  
In the morning of the day,  
Flee at once to Christ for refuge.  
Watch and pray!

If at noon thy path seems brighter,  
Wealth and honors gild the day;  
O beware lest these enslave thee.  
Watch and pray!

When life's sun is almost sinking,  
Scarcely felt its parting ray,  
Dread not thou the coming darkness.  
Watch and pray!

When earth's pleasures float around thee,  
Manhood's cares assume their sway,  
Still, when mists of death are gath'ring,  
Watch and pray!

## A Verse

When burdened by a load of sin  
I cried to Thee, my God,  
Thy mercy stooped and took me in;  
I saw the chastening rod  
Was laid on Him who died for men  
And brought me to Thy fold again.

## **We Have Not. Why ?**

O Holy One, could we but know,  
Would we but take what Thou dost give,  
Would we but claim Thy promise now,  
In faith look up to Thee and live.  
Then, O our God, Thou would'st so soon  
Set up in us Thy royal throne.

Our ears are stopped, we will not hear  
The still small voice that speaks within.  
O Great Physican, come Thou near,  
And quickly heal this wound of sin;  
That we, O God, may hear Thy voice  
And always in Thy truth rejoice.

O open Thou our eyes, that we  
May see the truths that Thou hast taught;  
Lord, touch our tongues that we may speak  
And tell the blessings Thou hast brought;  
For Thou, O Saviour, left the sky  
For us to live, for us to die!



## This Do Ye in Remembrance of Me

O Christ, my Saviour, Friend and King,  
I would Thy servant be;  
My all I to Thine altar bring  
And thus remember Thee.

The sacred pledge, O Christ, I take,  
And in the symbols see,  
What Thou did'st suffer for my sake,  
And thus remember Thee.

When dark Gethsemane appears  
With all its woe for Thee;  
That bloody sweat, those bitter tears,  
Make me remember Thee.

Can I, O Christ, behold Thee there  
And still indifferent be;  
Can I recall Thy lone despair,  
And not remember Thee.

And when on Calvary I gaze,  
My blest Redeemer see;  
Can I withhold my song of praise  
And not remember Thee.

Thy life, Thy death, Thine empty grave  
The sinners only plea.  
Thy willingness and power to save,  
Bid me remember Thee.

Till from this sinful house of clay  
Thou set my spirit free.  
Make me, O God, to know Thy way,  
And still remember Thee.

And when at last Thou bidst me cross  
Death's dark and mystic sea;  
When on its surging waves, I toss,  
O Lord remember me.

## The Departed

Again the day, that marks for us the years  
Since thou wast taken from our side, to  
serve

'Mid other scenes the Giver of thy life  
And ours; the Spring of all our hopes,  
The Fountain of our purest joy. We still  
Remain, nor lacking hope, nor aimlessly  
We struggle on. We know that He in  
Whom

We trust will not forsake us by the way.  
For by the way or safe at home, His love  
Unites us still. Wherefore we mourn  
thee not,  
For thou art still our own; nor time, nor  
space,

Nor aeons of eternal years shall make  
Thee less to us than thou hast ever been.

Our love is not of human birth, nor comes  
Of mortal life, but is the gift of God.

For God Himself is Love. And though  
tonight

The still sad music of the past steals o'er  
Our souls, there is no discord in those  
sounds,

Whose saddest echoes whisper immortality.

Thou art not dead to us, though all in vain

We seek to pierce the impenetrable

Mysterious shadow, that hides from us

The spirit land. We think of thee as  
living still,

Perhaps unconscious of our stumbling  
march

Along this strange uneven path of life;

It may be when we thought thee far

Thou wert, our Guardian Angel, often  
nigh.

In some hour of weakness, didst thou  
hover near

Thy earth-born brother, fearing he should  
yield

And sin? Or, hast thou been thy sister's  
guide

In many dark and trying hours? May this  
not be

An Angel's work, and thou art still to us  
Our human brother? Is life on earth

A preparation for the life to come?

Else why the perfect manhood of our  
risen Lord:

Why did He take our nature, if not this,  
To teach us how to live? Or, why wear it  
In Heaven, if we bear it not before Him  
Through eternity?

Or, why these weary years of hope de-  
ferred?

This secret longing for the thing that slips  
From out our grasp, yet ever points us  
Higher. O, why this nameless indefinable  
Unrest, which God alone can understand?  
O, could we for one brief hour, know, as  
we

Shall know when life is past. Could we

For one brief moment read as in the light  
Of God, while now we try to spell and  
scarcely  
Hope to understand.

Mysterious life, scarce less mysterious  
death!

One moment here, the next beyond  
The farthest range of human thought!  
What change awaits us then? Do we begin  
Anew another life; or does the life  
Implanted here, grow more and more like  
His

Who gave it birth, yet e'en in Heaven  
known

To all as *human* life redeemed, made  
Glorious by the infinite expansion  
Of all its powers?